

The Merry Milk-maids:

OR, THE

Country Damosels Pleasure in their Rural Labours. Together with the Second Part, containing the Plow-man's Praise; concluding with the London Gallants Prodigality. To the Tune of, *The Milking-pail.*



Y^E Pymphs and Silvan-Gods,
That loves green fields and woods,
when Spring natively blown,
herself does adorn
With flowers and blooming buds;
come sing in the prairie
(whilst flocks do graze
In yonder pleasant vale)
of shee that choose,
their sleep to lose,
and in cold dewe,
with cleaved shoes,
To carry the Milking-pail.

The Goddesses of the morn,
with blushes they adorn,
and take the fresh air,
whilst skinners prepare
To roast on each green thorn;
the Black-bird and Thrush,
on every bush,

And the charming Nightingale,
in merry vein,
their throats do strain,
to entertain
the jolly train
That carry the Milking-pail.

when cold bleak winds do roar,
And flowers can spring no more,
the fields that were seen
so pleasant and green,
By winter all rendred o're;
oh, how the Town Lass
looks with her white face,
And her lips of deadly pale!
but it is not so
with those that go
through frost and snow,
with cheeks that glow,
To carry the Milking-pail.

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of those that choose,
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with cleaved shoes,
To carry the Milking-pail.

The Goddesses of the morn,
with blushes they adorn,
and take the fresh air,
whilst slimmers prepare
To coast on each green thorn;
the Black-bird and Thrush,
on every bush,

And the charming Nightingale,
in merry vein,
their throats do strain,
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the jolly train
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And flowers can spring no more,
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By winter all rent and o're;
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To carry the Milking-pail.

The Girls of courtly mold,
 Scorn'd with pearl and gold,
 with washes and paint,
 her skin does so rain,
 She's wearied before she's old,
 whilst she in comode,
 purs on a cart-load,
 And with cushions plumps her tail;
 what joys are found
 in russet-gown,
 young, plump, and round,
 and sweet, and sound,
 That carry the Milking-pail?

The Girls of Venus game,
 That ventures health a game,
 in practising feats,
 with colds and with heats,
 Make Lovers go blind and lame;
 if Men were so wise
 to value the prize
 Of the wares most fit for sale,
 what store of beads,
 would double their cloaths,
 to save a nose,
 by following those
 That carry the Milking-pail.

The country Lad is free,
 From fears and jealousy,
 when upon the green
 he is often seen
 With his Lark upon his knee,
 with kisses, most sweet,
 he does her so treat.
 And swears he'll ne'er grow stale;
 whilst the London Lark,
 in e'ry place,
 with her brayn face,
 despises the grate
 Of those with the Milking-pail.

The PLOWMAN's Answer.

A Country life is sweet,
 In moderate cold and heat,
 to walk in the air,
 how pleasant and fair
 Is e'ery field of wheat;
 the Goddesses of flowers,
 adorning the bowers,
 And e'ery meadow now;
 so that I say,
 no Courtier may
 compare with They,
 who cloath'd in gray,
 Do follow the painful Plow.

They rise with the morning Lark,
 And labour till almost dark,
 then folding their sheep,
 they hasten to sleep.

While e'ery pleasant park,
 next morning is ringing,
 with Birds that are singing,
 On each green tender bough;
 with what content,
 and merriment,
 their days are spent,
 whose minds are bent,
 To follow the painful Plow.

Wise country Lads repair
 To e'ery wake and fair,
 with Sary and Sue,
 Nan, Bridget, and Prue,
 No manner of charge they spare,
 in seasons of leisure,
 thus taking their pleasure,
 Such liberty they allow:
 the rural Train,
 through snow and rain,
 trips o'er the plain,
 with speed again,
 To follow the painful Plow.

But heaving Sparks at court,
 According to some's report,
 are commonly sold,
 nay, ruin'd and spoil'd
 By following Venus sport;
 but this way of sinning,
 it is the beginning
 Of doing on e'ery Sow,
 who will not fail
 (for mugs of ale)
 to spread her tail;
 'gainst these we rail,
 Who follow the painful Plow.

The Gallant he's fir'd and fir'd,
 By Jenny his pretty Bird,
 he calls her his Honey,
 supplies her with monee,
 Till Frenches'd claps the word;
 and then he runs swearing,
 nay, raving and taring,
 And cries, I am ruin'd now;
 and what is worse,
 the Spark does curse
 his empty purse;
 but 'tis not thus
 With any that drives the Plow.

F I N I S.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

L O N D O N :
 Printed for J. Deacon, at the sign of the In-
 get, in Gullispar-street, without New-gate.